

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking : and for thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapestries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hof. Will you haue Doll Teare-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch. Inst. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Inst. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Inst. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, siue hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Inst. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Fal. Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Inst. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord here.

Fal. I thanke you, good Sir Iohn.

Ch. Inst. Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Inst. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Inst. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe.

and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolors the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y haue? (Viz. these, and those that were thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepest not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou thinkest me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinks: neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to Falstaffe.

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not transformed him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue you: Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

Poin. Come, you pernicious Ape, you bathfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally Althea dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Althea dream'd, she was de-liuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation:

There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preferue thee.

Bar. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes shall be wrong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces continuing to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliu'er'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bar. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needs a Physician: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer prick their finger, but they say, there is some of the kings blood spilt. How comes that (says he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap: I am the Kings poore Cousin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: — Sir Iohn Falstaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neerest his Father, Harris Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

Prin. I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuitie in breath: short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Favour so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou respect him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars.

Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir

Iohn, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will sleepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marrie your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wife, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bar. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Sore, feede in the old Franke?

Bar. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. No

Doll Teare-sheet

Prin. W

Page. A

of my Master

Prin. Eue

Towne-Bul

Shall we ste

Poin. I a

Prin. Sir

Master that

There's for y

Bar. I ha

Page. A

Prin. Fa

This Doll Tea

Poin. I w

S. Albans, an

Prin. Ho

night, in his

Poin. Put

waite vpon h

Prin. Fro

was loues ca

formation, th

pose must w

Enter

North, I

Giue an eue

Put not you

And be like

Wife. I h

Do what yo

North, A

And but my

La. Oh

The Time w

When you w

When your

Threw many

Bring vp his

Who then p

There were

For Yours, n

For His, it s

In the gray

To do all the

Wherein the

He had no L

And speaki

Became the

For those th

Would turn

To seeme lik

In Dict, in A

In Militarie